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DEVOTED TO LITERARY, COMMERCIAL, AGRICULTURAL, GENERAL AND LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

VOLUME I.

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### NOTICE TO READERS.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

HAVN'T TIME AND DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MR. HAVN'T-TIME IN THE ART GALLERIES.

We left Mr. Havn't-time in the Art-Union Gallery, in which were then exhibited some very choice works of art. He was, as I have said, a lover of pictures, and had, for months, looked forward to the pleasure which was now within his reach. Foolish man! He never had time to enjoy the present—was always hurrying forward to meet some coming good. The day's own delight was rejected; in the eagerness with which he looked for that which belonged to the morrow.

And is not this the case with any of my readers both young and old? Think, how often you have but half enjoyed the present, which you possessed, because your thought was on the future—which was not yet your own—and which you possibly could not enjoy until it became the present. Who, like Mr. Havn't-time in the picture gallery, has not lost a long expected enjoyment, presented at last for his acceptance, and simply because there was something else to be enjoyed so soon as this pleasure was over?

There was a picture in the gallery to which the newspapers had often referred, and which Mr. Havn't-time had greatly desired to see. It was one of those pictures that do not strike the eye with a broad contrast of colors, or with strong points in the composition; but, wonderful true to nature, and exquisite in sentiment and detail, it required for its full appreciation both good taste and a mind thoughtful and in repose. Before this picture stood, at length, Mr. Havn't-time. He had the good taste necessary for the enjoyment of such a picture, and the moment his eyes rested upon it, he perceived that it was indeed all that had been pronounced by the art-critics. He had already looked several times at his watch—and only a few minutes now remained of the time mentally allotted for his stay in the gallery.

"Ah," said he to himself, with a sudden emotion of pleasure, as he found himself in front of, and recognized, this picture—here is the much-talked-of picture."

A moment or two he gazed upon it. "Beautiful—charming—exquisite," was murmured.

Then he drew forth his watch; looked, and sighed. It was half-past eleven o'clock.

"How unfortunate! What would I not give for half an hour! But I can't stay a moment longer here. I must visit the Dusseldorf Gallery."

And Mr. Havn't-time turned from the picture he had so much desired to see, with but a vague general idea of it in his mind, and not a single one of its many rare excellencies discovered and appreciated.

"I ought to have visited the Dusseldorf gallery first," said he, as he hurried along the street. "I shall have no time to examine them now as they ought to be examined."

Who didn't I go there yesterday, instead of roaming about, and doing nothing, and making myself a nuisance to the baggage?

And Mr. Havn't-time, who felt hurried and nervous, sighed again.

That would be scarcely more satisfactory to the reader, than was the visit to Mr. Havn't-time. He staid just ten minutes, passing hurriedly from picture to picture, now looking at his watch and now at a painting, and always having in his mind a more perfect idea of the position of the hands on his gold lever, than of the distinguishing points in the work of the artist he happened to be contemplating.

Ten minutes, I have said, was all he could spare for the Dusseldorf Gallery. If, during that brief period, Mr. Havn't-time had composed himself—suppressed his hurried feelings—and rightly improved the limited opportunity his own will had given him, by studying a single one of the many fine pictures by which he was surrounded, he would have gained something—have fixed in his memory certain beautiful forms and achievements of art, that would afterwards have proved, in remembrance, a source of unalloyed pleasure.

But, Mr. Havn't-time was in too hurried a state of mind for so wise an act as this. He came to see this celebrated collection of paintings, and he attempted to see it, at what almost might be called, a single glance. Of course, he saw next to nothing at all, and when, at the expiration of his ten minutes, he left the gallery, the pictures he had looked upon formed in his mind only an ever shifting kaleidoscope of brilliant forms and colors. He had gained no new ideas in art; had examined, appreciatingly, no single work. He could say that he had visited the Dusseldorf Gallery—but, beyond that, he would be able to remember or communicate nothing.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### MR. HAVN'T-TIME VISITS ONE OF THE RESERVOIRS.

With a hurried manner Mr. Havn't-time jumped into the first stage that passed, and was off for one of the Croton reservoirs. There are two of these—one known as the Receiving, and the other as the Distributing Reservoir. The former is the largest and most distant. It receives the water from the Croton aqueduct which is over thirty miles in length, and is capable of holding many millions of gallons. From this immense reservoir, the water passes to the smaller one, from whence it is distributed, by means of pipes, through the city.

Mr. Havn't-time had no particular object in view, beyond mere curiosity, when he first proposed a visit to one of these reservoirs; and, hot as the day proved to be, and limited as his time now was, it did not once occur to him that more would be really gained in pleasure and profit by spending the hour, or hour and a half, it would take to ride out and back, in the art-galleries. No. He had resolved to see a good deal of New York in a short period. His time was limited, and he must make the most of it.

How were the thoughts of Mr. Havn't-time occupied, as he went lumbering along the street in the heavy omnibus, that was continually stopping to let out our take up passengers! In recalling images of the beautiful in art, and fixing them more permanently in his mind; or, in preparing himself for a right appreciation of the gigantic work by which New York was supplied with pure water from a mountain stream! Not by any means so profitably, I am compelled to say. His thoughts were, for once, fixed on the present, and he was fretting himself at the frequent stoppages for the accommodation of passengers. Every little while he pulled out his watch and looking at it, nothing, each time, to a second, the place of the hands upon its dial. Once or twice he called out, impatiently, to the driver—

"Hallo! Are you asleep up there?"

"What's wanted?" growled down the driver, at the second interrogation made by Mr. Havn't-time.

"Are you, or your horses asleep?" was returned ill-naturedly.

Now, angry and insulting language rarely, if ever does any good. It certainly did no good in this case; for, instead of increasing the speed of his horses, the driver lessened it very perceptibly; and at almost every cross street stopped to wait for passengers, holding up his hand to every man who seemed to be looking at him even if he were a whole block distant. At length the patience of Mr. Havn't-time broke entirely exhausted. He jerked the check string, and when the omnibus stopped, handed up his sixpence, saying to the driver—

"Here take your fare! I can walk faster than you go."

The passengers pulled at Mr. Havn't-time's impatient, as he left the omnibus, while the driver, piping at his wheel, cracked his whip over his horse's head, and soon swept far in advance of him.

The disturbed state of Mr. Havn't-time added to the new exertion of walking, soon brought the perspiration from every pore and this discomfort of body was added to disturbance of mind. He strode on, however, at a rapid pace, no little mortified, by the way, at seeing the stage in which he ought to have been riding, soon far ahead of him.

The first reservoir was at least a mile distant. This he learned on making an enquiry, after having tired and overheated himself by walking. Several omnibuses had passed him, all going to the point he wished to reach; but, having abandoned one, his pride would not let him take another.

Ah! How much do not people sometimes sacrifice to a weak and foolish pride. They do unreasonable things, entailing upon themselves, in consequence, trouble and inconvenience; but, pride will not let them acknowledge, in act, that they have been unreasonable, and so, they continue to bear the evil arising from their own conduct.

No, Mr. Havn't-time had left one omnibus because it went too slow for him, and, though others were passing him every few moments at a rapid rate compared with the progress he was making, pride would not let him avail of their speed and convenience.

He was, yet, as has been said, a mile from the reservoir. He was hot, tired, and greatly fretted in his mind. Moreover, on consulting his watch, he discovered that it was not far from 1 o'clock.

Now, Mr. Havn't-time was a man who, after making up his mind to do a thing, never liked to stop short of the accomplishment. This is a good trait of character, provided it be accompanied with forethought and sound judgement. When we commence a work, we should not let ordinary hindrances prevent its completion. But if we discover that there is an error in our calculation, and that an injury rather than a benefit will result should we persevere to the end, then it is wisdom to abandon the pursuit.

Well would it have been for Mr. Havn't-time had he acted thus wisely. But no—he had started for the reservoir—and to the reservoir he must go. It was nearly one o'clock and it certainly be after two o'clock, when he would have reached his house. No matter! He was bound to go. Then why not take one of the many omnibuses that were rattling by? The ready is already answered. He was disgusted with these slow vehicles, and meant to walk the rest of the way.

So on he hurried, with increasing speed, and soon got beyond the shaded sidewalks to the open lot of the suburbs. Here the sun's direct rays were poured meltingly down upon him. But he still pressed forward, dripping at every pore, and half suffocated with the dust that filled the sultry atmosphere.

At last, Mr. Havn't-time reached the lower reservoir—so exceedingly fatigued, that he could, with difficulty, drag his tired limbs up the flight of stone steps that led to the top of the surrounding walls. But, the objects of his exertions being gained, all interest therein at once subsided. There was a vast amount of mason work, and a large collection of water, upon which the sun shone dazzlingly down. As to the picturesque beauty, it bore no comparison whatever, to the Fairmount of "Bah!" he said, impatiently, after musing on his own city.

No, the fault was not in the driver. It was in Mr. Havn't-time himself. And now he was suffering the consequence of his own blind impatience. To gain three minutes, that would have been of no real value to him, he had lost several days, or, it might be, weeks; for, of all things, a sprained ankle is one of the slowest to recover.

"You'll be better in a day or two, I hope," said the friend, trying to offer some consolation.

"A day or two! O dear! If I'm able to leave here in a week, I'll be thankful!"

"Not so bad as that. I shall be greatly disappointed if you are not able to leave for Niagara in two or three days."

"For Niagara! Hump! No Niagara for me this year. That's all over."

And it was so. A week from the day Mr. Havn't-time left home, he returned to Philadelphia, not able to walk, except by the aid of a crutch.

What had he seen? What pleasure had he taken? Much of intelligent gratification he had promised himself—yet none had been received. Why? Need we answer the reader? Were not his own impatient temper too constant thought of passing time, the cause? Undoubtedly they were. These, for him, marred everything. But, leaving Mr. Havn't-time for the present, I will introduce my readers more particularly, in the next chapter, to my other neighbor, Mr. DONT-BE-IN-A-HURRY.

making new signs to the driver. He had not gone but a few paces, however, before he trod upon a loose stone and fell to the ground with a badly sprained ankle.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### MR. HAVN'T-TIME RETURNS TO PHILADELPHIA WITH A SPRAINED ANKLE.

If any of our young readers have ever been so unfortunate as to sprain an ankle badly, they will be able to form a pretty clear idea of Mr. Havn't-time's unhappy condition after his fall. The pain of the wrenched muscles was, for some moments, excruciating, and he groaned aloud for extreme suffering. So soon as his first paroxysm of severe pain subsided, Mr. Havn't-time hobbled back to the omnibus that still remained on the stand. Silently, and with a subdued manner, he entered the vehicle, and took his seat. Scarcely had he done so, ere the driver mounted his box, and started on his route. He was not over three minutes, at the most, behind his predecessor, and likely to reach the Astor House quite as early.

In his blind impatience to gain these three minutes what had Mr. Havn't-time not lost? He was in a sad condition on reaching his hotel. Gradually, from the time he entered the omnibus, until, with the kind assistance of a gentleman passenger, he descended therefrom, the pain in his ankle had continued to increase; and he dreaded severely was it when he entered his room, that he actually fainted away.

When the friend came at three o'clock to drive him over to Greenwood, he found Mr. Havn't-time in a sad condition. The physician called in at the emergency, knowing the value of Arnica tincture in a case like this, had applied it freely to the suffering part, and there was a slight progressive abatement of the intense pain which had returned so soon as the fainting fit was over; but still the patient was in an agony.

"My dear sir, what has happened?" eagerly enquired the friend, on seeing Mr. Havn't-time pale, suffering face.

"More of my usual ill-luck," was replied. "I've sprained my ankle dreadfully."

"How in the world did that happen?" asked the friend.

"It happened from the stupidity, if not wilfulness, of one of your miserable omnibus drivers. Oh, dear, dear, dear! How it does pain me! It is worse than drawing a tooth."

"He didn't run over you, surely?"

"Oh no. He ran away from me, and, trying to overtake him, I sprained my ankle. He must have seen me. I only wish I'd had a rope around his neck. He wouldn't have been three seconds in stopping his horses."

Yet, the truth was, the driver had not seen Havn't-time, or else he would have waited for him. It was his business to get as many passengers as possible, and he never thought it any trouble to stop his horses for that purpose, or even to wait, for a slow walker, what the "insiders" frequently thought an unreasonable length of time. No man was more impatient at such delays than Mr. Havn't-time himself, whenever he occupied a place in an omnibus.

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### From the Olive-Branch. SELF-CONQUEST.

"Well, Bridget, what do you think of the bride?"

"Oh, she's a pretty young thing, but if she had known as much as you and I do, of her husband's mother, she never would have come to live with her. She's a regular old hyena, and if she don't bring the tears into those blue eyes before the honeymoon is over, my name isn't Bridget. Why, she's the most *outrageous* old thing! she overhauled all her wardrobe yesterday, before she could get here, and as I passed through the entry, I heard her muttering to herself,—'silk stockings! humph!—ruined underclothes! wonder if she thinks I'll have 'em ironed here! embroidered night caps! silk dresses! destruction and ruin!'"

"I'll tell you what, Bridget, there never was a house built yet, that was *big enough* for two families to live in, and you'll find out that this won't be, I reckon."

"What! tears Emma! tears!" said the young husband, as he returned from his counting-room one day, about a month after their marriage, and with a look of anxiety he drew her closer to his breast?

Tell me, you do not so soon repent your choice!" The little rose mouth was held up temptingly for a kiss, and in those blue eyes he read the answer heart was seeking.

"What then? Is your pet canary sick? can't you dress your hair to suit you? or are you in despair because you can't decide in which of all your dresses you look prettiest?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Harry," said Emma, laughing and crying together; "I feel nervous, that's all; I'm so glad you've come home."

Harry felt sure that wasn't all, but he forbore to question her any farther, for he felt very sure she would tell him all in good time.

The truth was, Harry's mother had been lecturing her daughter-in-law all the morning, upon the degeneracy of the times; hoped she wouldn't think of putting on all the fine things her friends had been so foolish as to rig her out in! the times were not now as they used to be! that if Harry gave her pocket money she had better give for nonsense; that a young wife's place was in her husband's house, and she hoped she would leave off that babyish trick of running home every day to see her mother and sisters.

Emma listened in silent amazement; she was a warm-hearted, affectionate girl, but was very high spirited. The color came and went rapidly in her cheek, but she forced back the tears that were starting to her eyes, for she had too much pride to allow her to see them fall.

After old Mrs. Hall had retired, she sat for a moment or two, recalling her words—"babyish," to love my own dear home, where I was as merry as a cricket from morning till night; where we all sang, and played, and read in mother's dear old room, and father and mother the happiest of us all—"babyish!" "I won't be dictated to," said the young wife; "I'm married if I am only nineteen, and my own mistress; and the rebellious tones would come in spite of her determination; but then she thought of Harry; dear Harry whom she had already learned to love so well. Her first impulse was to tell him; but she had a great deal of good sense if she was young, and she said to herself, "no, that won't do; then he'll have to take sides with one or the other, and either way it will make trouble. It may seem his love from me, too; no, no, I'll try to get along without, but I wish I had known more about her before I came here to live."

And so she smiled and chatted gaily with Harry and hoped he had set it down to the account of "nervousness." Still the hours passed slowly when he was absent at his business, and she felt uneasy every time she heard a step on the stairs lest the old lady should subject her to some new trial.

"I wonder what has come over our Emma," said one of her sisters, "she has grown so grave and matronly; I half hated Harry when he married her off, and I quite hate him now, for she's so sedate and moping. I desire to keep my neck out of the matrimonial noose!"

Shortly after this, Emma's mother sent her some little delicacies, manufactured by herself, of which she knew her daughter to be particularly fond. Mrs. Hall brought it into the room and set it down upon the table, (as if she were testing the strength of the dish,) and said, "I wonder if your mother's afraid you'll not have enough to eat here; one would think you were a child at a boarding-school!"

Emma controlled herself by a strong effort, and made no reply, simply taking the gift from her hands, with a nod of acknowledgment. Every day brought her

some such pretty annoyance, and her father-in-law who was old and childish, being quite as troublesome as his wife: in these respects it required all Emma's love for Harry, to carry her through.

She still adhered to her determination, however, to conceal her trouble from her husband, and though he noticed she was less vivacious, perhaps thought the mantle of matronly dignity becoming to his young wife, that he felt no disposition to find fault with it. In the meantime Mrs. Hall being confined to her room with a violent influenza, the reins of government were very unwillingly resigned into Emma's hands; the end of a charges she received about dusting and sweeping, and cooking, ending always with this soliloquy, as the door closed upon Emma's retreating form, "I am a goose to tell her anything about it; she's as ignorant as a Hottentot, it will all go in one ear and out the other;" and the old lady groaned in spirit as the nose of the tea-kettle pointed the wrong way, or the sauce-pan hung on the wrong nail fitted through her mind. Emma exerted herself to the utmost to please her, but the gruel was always "not quite right," the pillows not arranged easily behind her back, or she expected to find "Bedlam let loose," when she got down stairs, and various other encouraging prognostications of the same character.

"Emma," said Harry, "how should you like living five miles out of the city? I have seen a place that just suits my fancy, and I think of hiring it on a trial."

Emma hesitated; she wished to ask, "does your mother go with us?" but she only said, "I could not tell, dear Harry, how I should like the place till I saw it; but I fear it would take you two much from me. It seems so odd to have five miles between us the whole day. Oh, I am very sure I shouldn't like it, Harry," and the charges of her mother-in-law clouded her sunny face, and in spite of herself a tear dropped on her husband's hand.

"Well, dear Emma, now I'm very sure you will like it; (and his large dark eyes had a look she did not quite understand with all her skill and practice in reading them) and so I am going to drive you out there this very afternoon, and we'll see."

Oh, what a little paradise, Harry! Look at that cluster of Prairie Roses! What splendid old trees! See how the wind sweeps the drooping branches across the tall grass! and that little low window, latticed over with sweet brier, and that pretty tarred flower-garden—oh, Harry!"

"Well, let us go inside, Emma; and applying a key he held in his hand, the door yielded to his touch, and they stood side by side in a little rustic parlor, furnished simply, yet so tastefully! Tables, stands, and mantel, covered with vases, sending forth fragrance from the sweetest of wild-wood flowers; the long white muslin curtains looped away from a window, whence could be seen wooded hill, and fertile valley, and silvery stream—then they ascended into the old chamber that was quite as unexceptionable in its appointments. Emma looked about in bewildered wonder.

"But who lives here now, Harry?"

"Nobody."

"Nobody? what a tease you are! To whom does all this furniture belong, and who arranged everything with such exquisite taste. I have been expecting every minute to see the mistress of the mansion step out."

"Well, there she is," said Harry, leading her gaily up to the looking glass; I only hope you admire her half as much as I do! Do you think I've been blind and deaf, because I've been dumb? Do you think I've not seen my high spirited little wife, struggling with trial, day by day—suffering—enduring—gaining the victory over her own spirit, silent! and uncomplainingly! Do you think I could see all this, and not think she was the *dearest little wife in the world!*" and tears and smiles struggled for mastery, as he pressed his lips to her forehead. "And now you will have nobody to please here, but me, Emma; do you think the task will be difficult?"

The answer, though highly satisfactory to the husband, was not intended for you, dear reader, so please excuse.

### FABRY FERR.

DEGREES OF COLD IN CHINA.—A missionary, writing home from China, says that the Chinese use little fire, and measure cold by the thickness of jackets. Three jackets cold is moderately cool; six jackets cold is warm, and from ten to fifteen jackets cold is extremely severe.

The human family can learn from the stock the finest trait in a good character—the young one never ceases to find fault with the aged parent.

### VARIETY.

#### Impudent Questions.

To ask an unmarried lady how old she is.

To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie.

To ask doctor how many persons he has ever killed.

To ask a minister if he ever did anything wrong.

To ask a merchant if ever cheated a customer.

To ask an editor the name of his correspondent.

It is said that a portion of the population of Maine have become so strictly temperate that they are entirely destitute of jugular veins; hence it is supposed that temperance is a great preventive of suicide.

A thousand and one stories are told of the extreme cheapness of living in the Far West, but as to the way in which it is done, we were never aware until the matter was explained by the late Dan Marble.

"You keep boarders here ma'm?" said an individual addressing the landlady of a house, upon the door of which he saw "cheap boarding" painted.

"We do," was the response.

"What do you charge a week?"

"For boarding without lodging, do you mean?" inquired the lady.

"Yes ma'm."

"Fifty cents is our regular price."

"Well," rejoined the inquirer, "that's cheap enough at any rate. Do you give your boarders much of a variety?"

"Yes, sir, something of a variety. We give them dried apples for breakfast, warm water for dinner, and let them swell for supper."

UNPLEASANT MISTAKE.—It is said the commissioner of Public Works for the city of Baltimore, when he read in a morning paper the proposition made in the Legislature to fix his salary at \$2,000, declared it was not "sufficient remuneration," as Mrs. McCawber says to warrant his quitting his present business. The reason the reason was to fix the salary at two hundred, and not two thousand dollars.—*Balt. News.*

"I understand," said a deacon to his neighbor, that you are becoming a hard drinker; it is a mistake said he, for no man can drink easier.

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavy laden, and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my soul! if the river was but a bit higher, the ship would go to the bottom."

A story is told of a hypochondric gentleman of rank and fortune in Ireland, who fancied one of his legs is one religion and the other of another. He not unfrequently puts one of his unfortunate legs outside the bedclothes to punish it for its religious errors.

A man recently tried soft soap to smooth the harshness of his wife's tongue. It took off a little of the roughness, but made it run faster.

A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking one Sunday evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parent lived near his house. "Where are you going, Jenny?" said he. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

DEBTS.—Every man ought to pay his debts—every man ought to help his neighbor if he can. Every man and woman should do his work to suit his customers—if he can. Every man should please his wife—if he can. Every wife should sometimes hold her tongue—if she can. Every lawyer should sometimes tell the truth—if he can. Every man should mind his own business—if he can, and woman too, Every one should take a newspaper, and pay for it—any how.

PRETTY GOOD.—An eloquent minister of the gospel, preaching for a brother, passed in the middle of his sermon, and remarked: "If I were at home, (meaning in his own church,) I would say something about going to sleep; but as I am not, I forbear." In an instant, heads, which had been just resting on the pew backs, straightened up with military precision. The preacher concluded his remarks without further annoyance.

QUERIES FOR A POSTMASTER.—Not long ago the Postmaster of St. Louis received a letter from a farmer in Indiana, seeking for information in regard to a stray cow, which was minutely described by the writer. On Monday last he received another, from an aspirant for musical fame residing in the interior of Ohio. The writer inquires of the postmaster if there is a good opening for a singer in St. Louis. The applicant describes himself as a perfect rasher on the fiddle, and states that he can fiddle better, and at a lower price than any artist in his profession.

A man on being asked how old he was replied, "I am in health," and being asked how rich he got, said, "I am not in debt."